And the road is brown and sere, And my eyesight blears with unshed tears-For my old friend is not here.

With a backward glance and a wave of the

hand,
He has wandered far away
To a land that lies under cloudless skies—
Where the sun shines all the day;
And his form is lost in the hurrying throng That gathers from far and near, nd I miss the grace of his kindly face— For my old friend is not here.

But I caught a glimpse of that unknow

land, As my old friend hurried through The outer gate , where the dear ones wait
For the pilgrim who is due;
And I know that the sun shines all the day,

That the flow'rs bloom all the year— I shall miss his smile through the afterwhile,
For my old friend is not here.
—S. Q. Lapius, in Ohio Farmer.

HIS MIRACLE.

BY CARL SMITH.

The section foreman's boy, red of hair and freckled of face, offered to show him the way to the church, but he declined the proffered courtesy, preferring to walk up the railroad track until he should get tired of the jaunt, when he would stop at a cattle guard and rest, and then return in time for dinner. Church going had been an unknown quantity with him in the city, where there were great cathedrals in half a dozen different parts of the town, and he hardly saw the occasion for departing from custom simply because his exile in the little country town was so uninterestingly eventless. He started with a swinging, athleticclub stride up the line of gravel, therefore, and the section foreman's boy, palpably starchy and awkward in his Sunday clothes, went hurrying down the street from the station, his red hair crimsonly signaling his approach to the little frame church while he was yet

a great distance away. Kennedy was the new telegraph operator. He was an aspiring fellow and an intelligent one, and some day be hoped to be a trick dispatcher, and pos-sibly, after reasonable lapse of time, the superintendent of telegraph. He spent the long and lonesome nights in rending on social economics, and he knew more about the history of strange and peculiar things associated with government than almost anybody whose name or fame is now suggested to mind. He was the chief telegrapher of his di-

which met in the city 30 miles away, and he was the man who made the best speeches on Tuesday nights, when lodge proceedings had got as far along as the "good of the order." The others of the division thought highly of

lodge delegate to the sessions of the international convention. He could argue splendidly and he said he was an

As he walked up the track this Sunday morning the Sabbath feeling seemed to rise up as though to offend against his reasoning and reasonable agnosticism. Across the fields canfe the mellowness of a church bell, and seeming far, far, far away, its sound was the sweeter for the distance. Over to the right a farmer's wagon was creeping along the section line road as the sleek brown horses dragged the family toward the place of worship in the town. Around the curve ahead of him there rose a quiet rumbling, and, looking to see what unexpected train ring down upon him, he received the hail of Michael Doolan, foreman of Section 43, several miles up the parallel line of rails, who, with his men and their women and children, was whirring along in the direction of the little parish church toward which the redheaded boy had sped several minutes before. The men were on a hand car, to which a little flat had been attached, and this flat accommodated

the women and children. "I suppose it's all right for them," Kennedy murmured, as the twin cars disappeared around the other bend of the curve, "but that isn't for me. Religion is a good enough thing-an indispensable thing, indeed, but it hasn't got around to me yet, and it never will. It's a good, handy thing to have for the purpose of swearing people in courts and impressing ignorant persons whose characters require some sort of ballast of mysticism, not only for their own comfort, but for the safety of the public. Such people, without a weight or anchorage of some kind, would rattle around annoyingly and even harmfully to others. I wish I could believe as they do. Doubtless it is a comforting thing to be as they are, but-"

And he closed his statement of opinion by picking up a stone and throwing it at a rabbit.

He walked to the cattleguard, and, resting, returned, and found he had vastly miscalculated distance and time, and that it was still very early in the day. He looked about and saw the handcar on a siding, and it suggested some-thing to him. Kennedy prided himself on being a liberal sort of person, and the thought came to him that it would be a fair and reasonable thing for him to drop into the little church, just to show that he had really no feeling against religion. He found the whitepainted structure with the cross over its queer little cupola, and, entering,

were nearly closing. He looked forward over the heads of half a hundred devout worshipers, at the priest in vest-ments, which-although Kennedy did not know it-he had brought at great labor from the city, for the parish was too poor to support a resident pastor. He noted that the worshipers seemed to consider every movement of the begowned man as to some especial import, and genuflected and crossed themselves and murmured unintelligible utterances, which he took for prayers. It was very interesting, and in his heart he wished that reason might show him how to be as happily satisfied with the priest's teachings as were these.

"If a miracle could be enacted in those old days, why should not one be performed now?" he inquired inwardly. Oh, no. It is all opposed to sense and science. Faith?"-for he had arrived in time to hear enough of the sermon to know that the priest had discoursed on faith-"yes, by a miracle I could have faith, but-"

His self-communion was interrupted by the sound of a silvery voice coming

from the gallery above his head.
"O salutaris!" the hail rose pure and sweet-such a voice as the agnostic had never before heard. "O salutaris!" and the church was filled with the wonder of a music which caused him to think that an angel sung, quite ignoring the fact that according to his philosophy no such thing as an angel could exist. He listened as one entranced, and he left the church with his very soul brimming with the joy of that heavenly so-

The next Sunday he walked up the track again, but only a little way. The section foreman's boy had invited him as before to accompany him, but Kennedy hesitated, and, hesitating, was not lost. Now, however, as he again looked up at the cheery hail of the happy passen gers of the handcar, he hesitated again, and this hesitation sent him churchward. He took his former seat in the rear, under the odd little choir loft, and to-day a new priest talked, and, strangely enough, of the "Miracle of Faith." though answering a question of Kennedy's the clergyman said: "Who are the believers? The greatest of all the great in learning, statecraft and material advancement. Presidents, prime ministers, men of mighty mind accept the divinity of Christ-and if these men, wise enough to be great, and great enough to be honest, accept by faith, why should you or I cry out for a miracle to be enacted for our special behoof. There are many millions of people in the world—"

Kennedy could have told him how

and what right has one man to ask box to miraculously perform for him so that he might be hadgered and forced religiantly into accepting who

and usually they sent him as their of infinitely greater responsibility and vaster temptation gladly and gratefully

take as a boon?" "This," thought Kennedy, "sounds reasonable, but I cannot blindly accept their belief on unsupported, unwitnessed sentiment." And as he thought upon it the voice of the soprano rose in glorification. It was what he had waited for. It filled him with great happiness. The undeserved miracle

was beginning of performance. Every Sunday after this he came in after the others and took his back seat. Her voice had sung him almost into the acceptance toward which the reasoning of the priest was powerless to persuade. He seemed to partake of the feeling of the singer. He exulted with her in the Latin praise of the Redeemer. He learned the words, and they rose almost to his lips as she sung. What a woman she must be! What a heart of purity to well up in such witness of the might of Christian love and Christian mercy! He had never seen her, for he was an agnostic, and he could not yield the stubborness of his unbelief to ask about her or to even wait in the church to watch her. He came into church late and he left early. He was an agnostic,

and she-

But was he? One day after the services were concluded be advanced past the half-hundred humble worshipers, and, greeting the priest, said: "Father, I want to come into the church." His heart leaped with that acknowledgment, and the little edifice seemed filled with the glory of the Shepherd of the lost sheep. Suddenly, from the organ loft, which now for the first time was visible to his eyes, came the swelling sound of that heavenly voice in some song of

He looked for the singer. It was the section foreman's boy.

And this was his miracle.-Chicago

More Than He Wished. Sultor-How much dowry will you give your daughter? Father-A thousand for every year of her age.

"And what is that?" "Thirty-eight."

"I'm afraid that's more dowry than I care for."-Fliegende Blaetter.

Partiality.

"Look here!" said Brown to his better half. "I'm just sick of it; treating these animals better than you've done me! When the pug died what did you

Wife-Have it stuffed.

"Yes; but would you do thre much for me?"—Illustrated Chips.

ness in Which They Won Promotion

A long list might be given of men who have owned their advancement in life to a clever answer given at the right moment. An account of how two of them managed it may be appropriately given just now. One of Napoleon's veterans, who survived his master many years, was wont to re-count with great glee how he once picked up the emperor's cocked hat at a review, when the latter, without noticing that he was a private, said care-lessly, "Thank you, captain." "In what regiment, sire?" instantly inquired the quick-witted soldier. Napoleon, perceiving his mistake, answered, with a smile, "In my gnards, for I see you know how to be prompt." The newly made officer received his commission next morning.

A somewhat similar anecdote is related of Marshal Suwaroff, who, when receiving a dispatch from the hands of a Russian sergeant who had greatly distinguished himself on the Danube, attempted to confuse the messenger by series of whimsical questions, but found him fully equal to the occasion. "How many fish are there in the sea?" asked Suwaroff. "All that are not caught yet," was the answer. "How far is it to the moon?" "Two of your excellency's forced marches." "What would you do if you saw your men giving way in battle?" "I would tell them there was plenty of whisky be-bind the enemy's line." Baffled at all points, the marshal ended with, "What is the difference between your colonel and myself?" "My colonel cannot make me a lieutenant, but your excellency has only to say the word." say it now," answered Suwaroff, "and right good officer you will be."-Modern Society.

Hard Work Will Tell. One often envies greatness, overlooking the hardships and struggles passed through before the place of honor has been attained. When we read of the lives of distinguished men in any department, we find them almost always where they are through hard work. We hear constantly of the great amount of labor they could perform. Demosthenes, Julius Casar, Henry IV., of France, Sir Isaac Newton, Washington, Napoleon and many others, different as they were in their intellectual and moral qualities, were all renowned as hard workers. We read how many days they could support the fatigues of a march; how early they rose; how many hours they spent in the field, the cabinet, in the court-in short, how hard they worked .- Harper's Round

Firs stopped free and permanently exirct. No fits also first day a two of lin. Kilme's Greek Nervy Restown. Free Strict bottle & trooting the Katon, the Archet. Phila., Pa.

"This wine is really Heat to minisur)— This fenow is either an ignoramus or he is the rascal who sold me that wine."—Filegende Blaetter.

There are no excuses not to use St. Jacobs Oil for bruises.

Turne is such a thing as having great influence without having great talent.—Ram's Horn.

Nobody says "yes;" everybody says yeh."—Atchison Globe.

Limp and lame—lame back. St. Jacobs Oil cures it promptly, surely.

No one can study elecution and not be affected afterward.—Atchison Globe. WHEN billious or costive, cat a Cascaret,

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better than St. Jacobs Oil. It cures.

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	WHEAT-No. 2 red	93	6	931
	No. 2 hard		0	80
¢	CORN-No. 2 mixed		0	175
3	OATS-No. 2 mixed		0	17
3	RYE -No. 2		0	40
	FLOUR-Patent, per sack			50
į.	Fancy			35
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N	Fancy prairie		@ 5	250
ı	BRAN-(Sacked)		0	40
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J	CHEESE-Full cream		40	13
	EGGS-Choice			13
Š	POTATOES		4	22
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PORK..... NEW YORK.

CLEVER ANSWERS PAID WELL. Beware of Cintments for Catarrh that | Don't Tobacco Spit and Sm

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as mercury will surely destroy the sense of small and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., coutains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

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If we live in a region where malaria is preva-lent. It is useless to hope to escape it if un-provided with a medicinal safeguard. Wherprovided with a medicinal safeguard. Wherever the endemic is most prevalent and malignant—in South and Central America, the West Indies and certain portions of Mexico and the Isthmus of Panama, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters have proved a remedy for and preventive of the disease in every form. Notless effective is it in curing rheumatism, liver and kidney complaints, dyspepsia, billiousness and nervousness.

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BURNING, itching, frost-bite. Use St. Ja-

Turry has nothing to four from the future

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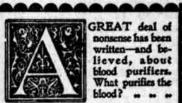
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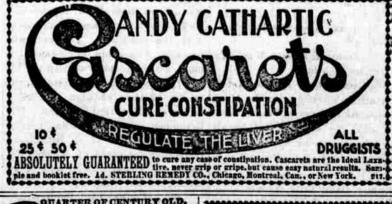
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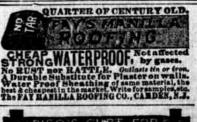
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